



SONGS
ALONG THE
WAY

NORMAN HOWARD



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Book 6

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SONGS ALONG THE WAY

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SONGS ALONG THE WAY

BY

NORMAN HOWARD



NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON
THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY
1911

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SONGS ALONG THE WAY

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY

THE world turns slowly from the western sky
Where Phœbus spreads about empurpled beams,
From out the cloudy rift that opes on high
The flashing gold of fair Elysium streams
Upon this land where wondering I dream,
This underworld where weary mortals spoil
Their living for the life they would possess,
And by this eastern stream
I would forget the fever and the toil
That makes of this fair paradise a worldly
wilderness.

Aeross the beauty of this world I lean
Where fancy spreads afar her purple wings,
And memory musing o'er the meadows green
To find one star her inward vision brings,—
For one bright star I found in this dark space
That brightly burned and shone and passed away;
But I saw thro' the night,
To where it quickly passed and left a traee,
For O it warmed me with its wondrous ray
And poured upon my soul a flood of beauty fair
and bright!

There is a road that leads unto the sun,
There is a land beyond the dark-rimmed hills,
Where I would rest when weary day is done,
Where peace and gentle dreaming freely fills
The time without the advent of the hour;

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Ah, there I smiled upon my own sad cares,
And dreamed that I was free,
Untroubled by the pressure of their power,
By that light that in my heart still wears,
E'en as the watch light flashes faith, to mariners
at sea.

What tho' the road do lead to no sure end?
What tho' the distant land be one of dream?
So weary feet forget the path they wend;
"Tis well," for pleasures never did but seem;
And gladly would I wander o'er the day
To realms of silences and shadows deep,
For all that my soul sought
Is far from this poor present placee away,
Where on those peaceful shores of dreams and sleep
The soul breathes fine and free in quiet reverie
and thought.

O who can dream upon a winter's night,
Or meditate upon a summer's day,
And deem that haunts of men hold more delight
Than where the wind and running brooklets play?
Friends are kind, but each one has his eare,
Strife is good, but only some can win
Ambition's gilded goal.
My best ambition were to breathe the air
Of Heaven, and where the cities' end, begin
To journey where the wingéd thought can wan-
der with the soul.

Upon Parnassus' height the air is pure,
And they who breathe that air shall live serene

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

From all the hopes of little minds secure,
And undisturb'd by mad Ambition's dream.
Let thousands plod along their noisy ways,
And chase the darling hope that leads them to
The ever-distant goal,
If I may only pass my fruitful days
Ambitious for the most my faith can do
To know the deeper instincts of the heaven-
reaching soul.

Ah, dream no more for mortal love, O soul,
For knowest not the fever and the fret,
Of Love's desires know not, yet pay the toll
O Love's highway, whose end is never yet?
No, dream no more of Love as mortals dream,
But let it be the star that shines apart
To guide your way with light,
Protesilaus like, thy love must seem,
Nor like poor Laodamia's, whose heart
Essayed to grasp immortal love and perished
with the night.

For often have I loved and dreamed of love,
And sought to find the idol of my dream,—
But clay alone my dearest hopes would prove,
For idols never are the things they seem.
And I have learned that only in the mind
The true ideal exists inviolate
Of meditative hours;
The highest happiness my soul can find
Is when the lightest faney gathers weight,
For then it is the mind takes on creative powers.

Now have I found my star, and like a king
That outward sets to victory and war,

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

I journey to the joy my hope would bring —
And following my star, I follow more
Than kings who follow conquest, right or wrong —
Than they whose hoardings pile with increase high.
That golden fantasy
Shall ne'er disturb the dreamer and his song!
For with our spirit doth the conquest lie.
A spirit nearest to its home, when lost in poetry.

O give me oft a pensive quiet hour,
A cheery ingle nook, and strewn around
The poets of all time, and then the power
To wander where the plowshare turns the ground,
To meet the spirits of the field and stream,
To hear the lark that greets the early morn
Beside a flowery dell,
Or mayhap by some running brook to dream
The mystery of why a flower is born,
And gather in a secret that knows more than
one can tell.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG

SOFTLY and slowly descending on reveries pensive
and still,
Sounds of a beautiful voice, swelling far beyond reach
of the soul,
Winning the mind far away to the bourne of its peace
and its rest,
Calls to the slumbering soul to attend to the spirit
of song;

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

O many's the weariéd heart in the world, that would
wander for aye,
Over the highway of Aready, into the valley of song.

Peace, gently gathering, shadows my soul as the mist
of the skies
Slowly descends on the streets of the town by the
hillside at night.

In that calm quiet the endless, tired woes that were
born of the day,
Weighing the spirit with care, fade away to a mem-
ory dim;

Higher swells Mildred's fair voice, while unfolding
her soul in her song,

Wrapping my spirit in sleep, till I stand on the
bridge of my dreams,

Out on the world's distant rim like a spirit of meas-
ureless love.

Spirit unfettered, I gaze freely out on creation as one
Looking afar across mountain tops, over the valleys
and hills,

Far o'er the sunbeams descending, where Fancy sits
crown'd, to that land

Sunburst and purple, deep dyed by the hands of the
twilight and dawn,

Shining till silver white moonlight, sails crescent
amid the pale stars.

Lightly away still the soft plaintive melody carries
my soul;

Westward where Fancy looks dreamingly over the
ocean's wide rim,

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Yon where the luminous rays of the violet sunglow suffusing,
Forming from phantasmagorical gules of the ethereal gloaming,
Kingdoms of jasper and marble on emerald islands afar,
Rising in beautiful splendor and burning amid the gold sea
Rich as the hues of the afterglow born of the memories' thought.

.

Wavering Faney grows constant and notes on the waters last shore
One little isle of her choosing that harbors her fondest of dreams.
There, where a turbulent river leaps down thro' its groves from the woods.
Gardens immortal, which grow at the source of the wandering wind,
Hung with the ripening fruits and the verdure of Rhea and Ceres,
Beautiful Dawn as she passed scattered rarest perfume on the flowers,
Till the wild West Wind hung constantly over the islands of Dream.
Lightly up-curling and rolling the billows upon the beach stretching,
Playfully fleeing before were Nymphs from the waters retreating,
Gathering pearl-shells and lichens cast up from the crypts of the sea.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Others danced merrily, circling round a fair youth
ivy-crowned,
On the gold sands of the sea their flying feet twinkling whitely,
Lovely their nude haunting forms, and exquisite their tapering limbs;
Beautiful hair flowing freely and wide-eyed with perfect delight,
Danced to the sound of his music with free and a gay elfin cheer,
Singing unto the fair youth in their midst, who in love with his pipes,
Stopping to play by himself some sweet ditty of dolorous sounding,
Quietly wandered away to the forest land leafy and shady.

.

Softness grows gently and holds by its power a charm over the air;
Once more the voice in its melody swelling more plaintively near
Rises unto the sweet mutable chord, that floats languidly down,
Thrilling with music that never will stay, but retards slowly out,
Even as leaves that have fallen while rustling after the wind.

.

As storm clouds that sudden gather and shatter the sunshine of morn
Silence bewilders my soul in recalling that time is but time;

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Poppylike pleasures beguile us but only until we
awaken,
Music may woo us from weariness only until it is
done.

AARON BURR'S RIDE

RESTING briefly from the war's alarms,
Silent were the cannon at White Plains,
Silent were the regimental arms.
Silent were the prisoners in chains—
All the Tories 'round were out of range.
Camping here the generals elate,
Plann'd the war until the watch was changed,
For their liberty and for their State
They stood ready with their men to fight and face
their fate!

• • • • •

But Aaron Burr, the soldier near this spot,
That fair midsummer's night when all was still,
The changing hopes and fears of war forgot,—
And moved alone by Love's imperious will
He sought the shore and climbed the western hill
To where his fair Theodosia sleeping lay;
E'en here he boldly rode along until
He gained his lover's side across the bay,
Upon that early distant year, long since and passed
away.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

From out his safe encampment at White Plains,
On either side a horseman, he did ride,
Regardless of the night, with loosened reins,
Until at last he reached the river's side—
A ferryman there took him o'er the tide,
The horse and rider to the distant shore,
Where enemies were picketed around.
Tho' little was his heart on thoughts of war
He brav'd the bullets of the hostile ground
Until at last the quest of his true, gallant love he
found.

By many watching sentries did he pass,
And many a straggler on the same highway,
For far more courage love than murder has,
So swiftly did he boldly ride away:—
For he must needs be back before the day,
Ere morn disclosed his rashness to the light,—
But never could he rest until he lay
Within his lover's arms, and so that night
He dared a thousand dangers with Love's vision in
his sight!

And Theodosia fair, with soft round arms,
Perhaps upon her pillow dreaming lay:—
Not deeming of her ardent lover's harms,
Nor even that he now was on his way
To step into her fancies' idle play,
As softly as on clear, fair night the moon
Ascends a latticed-close with silent ray.
E'en so he steps at length into her room
And brings unto her wearied heart its long awaited
boon.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

In the darkness of the night outside
The sound of horses' hoofs beside the door,—
The clank of spurs marked out a manly stride,—
The rider had dismounted, and before
The lady knew what message, love or war,
What dire calamity or chance amiss
Had come to spread its warning word once more,—
He strode into her sweetest sleep's abyss,
And startled from its resting place her passion
with a kiss.

How sweet is love's attraction when a man
Of strength and courage and his lady meet!
No greater feeling was, since Time began,
And man made woman, woman man complete!
E'en so he gazes on her features sweet
Beneath the silver of the full moon's light,—
The tender eyes, and dark with love replete.
The wistful face, and pale, so fair and bright,
For woman with her lover is a spirit in the night.

What tales of wild adventure then were told.—
The dangers, sharp retreats and battles won,
What secrets of ambitions to unfold
Before the blisses of the night were done.
Thro' all the hopes of life and war, still one
There always is, whose beauty scarce appears,
But from whose love are mighty deeds begun,
Who listens eagerly with loving ears
And crowns at last the valor of war's cruel and
darkest years.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And all the merry wiles of woman's breast,
The idle British officers who came
To find a certain road, but took their rest,
Constrained by wit and beauty to remain:
The light flirtations with the gallants vain,
To hear the compliments that lightly fell,
For woman speaks in language of no name
To win the praise that idle lovers tell,
And beauty, conqueror o'er friends, can conquer
foes as well.

Of all the passions that delude the mind —
The rich man's pride, the poor man's honest scorn,
The young girl's guileless trusting love, and blind,
The faith of conquest of men's early morn:
The most compelling passion still is borne
When two young blooded, even mated souls
In other's arms throw all reserve to scorn,
Till speechless thought in swift vibration rolls
Leaps past the lips and clamors for the breath that
life controls!

Ah, love, the tender, true and burning flame,
The mutual love that every danger dares,
That flames the brighter for the maiden's shame
And throws aside the world and all its cares,—
The brightest leaf of all that Truth still wears,
What were this world without thy smiling face?
Ah, ill the mortal wight without thee fares,
It matters not the age, the time or place,
This world were but a prison house without thy
saving grace!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Oh, secrets were divulged perhaps that night,
And movements of the enemy were learned,—
The coming plans,— but, oh, of more delight
 The secrets of a breast that warmly yearned,
And here at last was soothed to quiet peace;—
 But now too soon the sun his passage earned
Across the sea of night which soon must cease,
When Phœbus o'er the morning sky his steeds would
 soon release.

And now into the chambers of love's feast
 The early eye of sober morning peers
From out the regions of the crimson East;
 And soon across the sky his course he steers!
“Oh, go not, love, hide here!” — but still the fears
 Of woman ever spurred a lover's breast,
So heeding not her pleading nor her tears
 He kissed her twice and calmed her heart to rest,
 And mounting lightly then rode down the hillside
 of the west.

Long she watched, with loving eyes that yearn,
 The mounted figure fade into the night;
She prayed to Heaven for his safe return;
 And saw with jealous eyes the coming light,
 With anxious fear she could not sleep aright,
For troubled dreams disturbed her aching heart.
 And ever came the vision to her sight
Of one lone horseman, halted in arrest,
Doomed to die at sunrise on the distant hilltop crest.

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By morning once again within his camp,
 He wiped from off his boots the early dew,—

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

A sleepy trooper mopped the saddle damp
With wondering eyes, and guessed but never knew;
Another cleaned the straps and blankets blue,
And, staring, scraped the foaming horse's side;
The troopers soon forgot, to love's cause true,
The ferryman upon the waters wide
Kept to himself the secret of that wild, impulsive
ride.

AMINIUS BEFORE SALAMIS

THE Persian hosts are near our shore,
Sweetheart, fare thee well!
My galley waits its urgent oar,
Sweetheart, fare thee well!
The sails are full, the winds are free,
And we are armed for Victory —
Or Death, if needs, that Greece be free,
Sweetheart, fare thee well!

I know the foe are ten to one,
Sweetheart, fare thee well!
We may not see the morrow's sun,
Sweetheart, fare thee well!
But we engage for love, for home,
They for pride and spoil alone,
And I for Greece, and thee, my own
Sweetheart, fare thee well!

If my blood must stain the brine,
Sweetheart, fare thee well!
O take this sword and make it thine,
Sweetheart, fare thee well!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

But if the Gods send Victory,
By Salamis shall Greece be Free!
Thy beauty then can honor me,
Sweetheart, fare thee well!

THE ROSE IN THE GARLAND

Oh, for a woman's kiss in the night,
That lingers so!
And the breast of snow,
Sweet with the joy of a lover's delight!
The arms outspread
And the lips so red,
To the beautiful eyes of a clear true light
That shine from the depths of their heavenly
height
And swim in a mist like the stars of the morn!
The conscious grace of a beautiful form,—
And the lovely head,
Its proudness sped.
That falls to the heart where its love is shed,
And there like a rose in a garland is worn!

WHEN WE WERE YOUNG, LAST NIGHT

YESTERDAY, My Lady, we were dancing at the ball,
Yesterday I sought you out as fairest of them all,
Yesterday your lovely face was glowing in delight,
Of all the merry dancers there your footsteps were
most light.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Last night our talk was merry,
Last night our hearts were young,
Beneath the holly berry
That on the arches hung.

Last night we were the leaders is the spirit of the
dancer,
Last night our hearts were happy in the spirit of
romance;

Oh, never, never, never, could a mortal joy compare
With the happy, happy presence of your form beside
me there.

As we danced that night at Sherry's, while each
observing eye

Would turn to note your beauty as you glided lightly
by,

When all was fair at Sherry's, and every heart was
kind,

And days of youth were still before with only dreams
behind!

But now the dance is over and the dancers all are
tired,

The soul sustaining music and its echoes have sus-
piled;

Pleasant are the memories that linger by my side,
And resting now is pleasant for our spirits would
abide,—

Our feet have grown weary of the fun we loved
the best,

Our spirits have grown weary, so we quietly would
rest;

But your lovely face is beautiful as ever to my sight,
Tho' twenty years have passed away since we were
young "last night"!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

AT PARTING

DEAREST, the day is over,
Crimson the full red sun,
The erickets sing from the clover,
The day is almost done.
Back to the toil of the eity,
Back to the strife that is there,
Back to the paths without pity
That lead to the temples of care.

*A woman's love is the heart of a man,
And ever was since the world began.*

*Heart of my heart, I love you,
More than my words can tell;
How can I live without you,
Girl that I love so well?*

Dearest, the sun is setting,
Kiss me the last farewell.
Now should our hearts be forgetting
The love that they never could tell.
Back to your palace and dreaming,
Comforts and love without fears,
Back to my planning and scheming,
Back to the fate of the years.

*Heart of my heart, I love you,
More than my words can tell;
How can I live without you,
Girl that I love so well?*

*But a woman's love is the heart of a man,
And ever was since the world began.*

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

I MET A BONNIE LASSIE

I MET a bonnie lassie,
As fair as lassies be,
Her darling face was tender
And sparkling was her 'ee.

Her eyes were eyes that charmed me,
So glowing soft and brown,
I thought it was the Springtime
Not Winter time in town.

I thought it was the Springtime,
With every bud in bloom,
For a' the world seemed sunny
As smiling skies of June!

And now that she has left us,
My fondness brings me ben,
For this is but the eity —
And Winter time again.

AT QUEBEC

'Tis sundown, and the bells ring dreamily
From out the belfries of the churches round,
The drowsy echoes answer wearily
And fill the air incumbent with their sound.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

The faint auroral flushes tint the skies
With streaks of golden gray and crimson rose,
And tinge the placid stream which round me lies—
The broad St. Lawrencee which beneath me flows.

A hundred spires arise on every side
Above the ancient frowning citadel,
Beside the plains where Montcalm in his pride
Was slain with Wolfe, who stormed the precious
hill.

The little houses, narrow, crooked lanes,
That mark the town, historic every spot,—
Here Fortune's hand has left the Past's remains,
And greedy Industry yet knows you not.

Here sisters pale and reverend eurés pass
Sedately down the city's silent street,—
Or mayhap here a lover and a lass
Awake the gloom with laughter as they meet.

Just westward from the town ten miles or more,
Deserving of their favor and renown,
The lovely falls of Montmorenci roar,
Falling from their lofty summit down.

A little further on the quaint old shrine
Of Mary's Mother, Sainte Anne de Beaupré,
Contains her reliques, hallowed thro' all time,
Where wandering pilgrims by the thousands pray.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

The peasant folk who till the fragrant fields
And find in humble toil their life's surecease,
Contented with the fruit their labor yields,—
Contented with their faith in God and peace.

An hour has passed and lo! the promenade
Is gayly thronged with all the city's youth,—
The laughing lads and girls in groups parade,
A moving, lighted fairyland, in sooth.

The hundreds rest upon the benches wide,
In watching idly every passing scene;
While here two lovers linger side by side
And gaze upon the waters as a-dream.

Where flit the boats against the lighted shore,
Now up, now down, howe'er the pilot steers;
Forgetful of the passing voices' roar,
And e'en the music that assails their ears.

And here's the field of strife where Montcalm fell;
Ah, how the fates of empires mighty spring
From deeds of one brief hour, and who can tell
The future force of any present thing?

I think of Wolfe, the valiant conqueror,
Who knew than war a glory far more bright—
Who said, “Those lines of Gray hold honor more
Than winning of this victory to-night!”

The doughty deeds of sword and shield and lance,
The strife of proud armadas fleet and strong,
Grow dim repeating, as the years advance,
Before the glory of one pregnant song!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And here's the spot where brave Montgomery fell—
So lost America her northern line,—
So lost what oft I wished was hers so well,
So very near and like this land of mine.

To think this country broad and fair and free,
Its wealth of plains and mines and forests tall,
Might now have been our land of Liberty,
But for the chance of one stray sentry's ball.

The dim Laurentian mountains fade in blue,
The sun drops quietly into the west,
A few last rays creep late the pine tops thro'
And Nature fades away to sleep and rest.

I AM WEARY

I AM weary, come, my dearie,
Sing a song to me,
Soft and low as streams that flow
Into a tranquil sea.

*O sing once more
The love of yore,
Love on the hills of morn.
For all must come
To earth and tomb
And sleep in the grassy bourne.*

O sing the eyes that shone so bright,
O sing the gold brown hair,
O sing the love a maiden's sigh
Sets in the heart astir.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

*O sing once more
The love of yore,
Love on the hills of morn;
For all must come
To earth and tomb
And sleep in the grassy bourne.*

O speed the day so far away,
Come hither in a song;
A little light to see aright
Just which way love has gone.

*O sing once more
The love of yore,
Love on the hills of morn;
For all must come
To earth and tomb
And sleep in the grassy bourne.*

O'ER THE WORLD I'VE WANDERED

Song

O'ER the world I've wandered,
With the stars above,
Many tomes I've pondered,
Spirit treasures trove.

Travel is but longing
For a land unknown,
Words are but a weariness
Others' bread a stone,

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Greater than the longing
 Of foreign lands afar,
Truer than the wisdom
 Of deepest words that are,

Springs an ancient story
 Deep within this breast,
“Helen, write the sequel
 And put the dreams at rest!”

OH, FOR THE GIRL WHOSE TENDER GRACE

Song

Oh, for the girl whose tender grace
 Holds my heart in a secret spell!
Oh, for the sight of her beautiful face,
 The girl of my dreams that I love so well!

Oh, for the eyes that shone so bright!
 Oh, for the glorious dark brown hair!
The countenance bright, and the sweet delight,
 Of the fleeting smile that lingered there.

For there was a light in those deep blue eyes
 That softened under the lashes long,
Which spoke to the feelings deep that rise
 At the peaceful strain of an olden song.
.

The cold winds howl by my lonely room
 And the little fire burns cheerily,
And deep in my heart and its silent gloom
 Is the thought of the girl that is lost to me.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

THE GARDEN OF ROSES

Ah, what of all the roses
That bloom in fair array,
Some forty summers onward,
When we have passed away?
For fair as are the roses
That bloom with velvet leaf,
As fair to me thy beauty,—
And youth is e'en as brief.

The white rose in the garden
That blooms in beauty fair,
Oh, will it still be blowing
With you no longer there?
Oh, shall the rose be fragrant,
The garden shine as bright,
When we have traveled onward,
The garden out of sight?

God knows, the pain of parting
(And parting life is blind),
Is only sad remembering
The beauty left behind.
New roses may be perfect
As this within your hand,
And then perhaps its secret
Please God, we'll understand.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

SOLITUDE

WITHIN a lonely garret room
Beside a single lamp alight,—
As silent as a hidden tomb,
And gazing on an inward sight,
The poet rapt amid the gloom
Within his soul perceives a light.

And as the gazer of a star
Who travels far from out the town,
He wanders into realms afar,
Whose gates are brighter than renown.
His thoughts are where a painter's are
Who dares forget both praise and frown.

Oh, wan and pale and comfortless
He muses in a midnight dream,
And lives another soul's distress,—
A peasant poor or crownéd queen:
It matters not if Death's earess
Has calmed it long ago, I ween.

The glory of the star-soul lives
Beyond the ken of changing Time,
Awaiting him whose insight gives
A living soul to breathing rhyme,—
The rapture of an hour is his
Who builds of dreams a pregnant line.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

A fancy starts before his sight
And pauses like a vision real,
A glory burns in beauty bright
And o'er his wakened senses steal,
While music floods his soul in light
As he beholds the sought ideal!

The dream of dreams, the dream of yore,
The form, the face of all most fair!
The pen that hardly moved before
Hath pictured down a witness there!
And now the vision is no more,—
He stares upon the empty air.

It matters not if Death's caress
Has calmed the passion long ago,
It matters not if comfortless
The poet dreams in want and woe,—
Perchance the spirit of the song
Awakes from Beauty's lovely light,—
Then Music will not linger long,
And then the dreamer dreams aright.

THE POET'S CHOICE

SILENT from the lonely close of day,
Thro' solemn hours of vigil, still and cold,
Till dimly shines his single midnight lamp;
The poet sits whose dreams are oft retold
When his own lips are gone to worm and dust.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Not his the joy of triumph, not for him
The notice of men's favor, nor the kiss
Of Love's full lips, the common gift of men,—
The song but not the taste of Love is his,
For like the bird, a captive bound, he sings because
he must.

Then is it not, that somewhere in his heart,
Beneath the mortal working of his mind,
There springs a fresh, Parnassus-molded joy,
That in the cloak of Beauty he shall find,
And give the world a treasure ta'en on trust?

MEETING

HER eyes with flooding love were dim,
Her shadowy hair was loose and long,
As with a cry she sprang to him
And kissed his lips and wept anon.

Around his neck her woven hands,
And on his heart her bosom warm,
For he was home from foreign lands,
At home and safe from passing harm.

Together now, no more to part,
No more to bear, she laughed and cried,
And smiled and blushed, and in her heart
Was happiness, and satisfied.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

OVER THE SILVERY SOUTHERN SEA

Song

Over the silvery southern sea,
Dream of my dreams, come back to me,
Boy of my love, come back to me,
Back to my heart at home!

East of the east he wanders still,
Following, following youth's wild will,
Left his home on the windy hill,
Left my heart to roam.

Over against the eastern skies
Where the land of " Elsewhere " lies
There I gaze with dream-dimmed eyes,
Dream as I gaze alone.

Boy of my love, so kind and true,
In spite of the things we say and do,
Boy of my dreams, if you only knew,
Knew what *my* heart had known.

Over the silvery southern sea,
Dream of my dreams, come back to me,
Boy of my love, come back to me,
Back to my heart at home.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

ON BEHOLDING A BEAUTIFUL SUNSET AFTER WORK

ONE thin, low streak of sunshine in the west
Of fading rose, for one brief moment seen
Still holds a charm o'er all the long day's toil
And leaveth peace with the ensuing night.

Then think not beauty's strength ends in the
sight —

An idle thing to please, it is a sign,
A holy comfort for tired, weary hearts,
A promise for the power of noble things.

ALAIN CHARTIER

THE morning sun had kiss'd away the dew
From every leafy lip of bud and flower
That decked the green of large and grassy lawns
Beside the darkly frowning castle walls
Where Margaret, the Dauphine fair of France,
With all her women lived and fairer far
Than all the many flowers of her dear France.

Where fountains threw their fine and silvery spray,
The creatures light of limb and fair of form
Would pause amid their haste to quench their thirsts,
And as they left the lawn, birds soon hopped in
To dip their beaks, or mayhap with their wings,
To beat the cooling spray against their breasts

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And hop away refreshed, with rippling song
As strong and fresh as 'twere before unheard
By listening ears and new to their own throats.
The air was seldom silent of their song,
And all the day the spring breath of the south
Would seem to bear a thousand flowers' perfume
Up through the stately elms and great oaks tall
Which hid the winding river from the view,
Save here and there where seeming silver gleamed
Its sunny waters o'er the valley's side.

Between two bushes flaming in the pride
Of brief, fair May sat Alain Chartier,
O'ercome by sleep, as tho' a fairy hand
Had smoothed with dreams the ever restless mind
To calm and quiet thought till every squirrel
Grew bold and crept beside him where some nuts
Beneath the sod lay hidden since the Fall;
With pouch well-filled, scarce moving twig or stem,
And whisking his long tail he would retire
Till soon the hoard was gone.

And oft the birds
Would hop more near to take a curious look,
As wond'ring at the silence that seemed sad,
But, hearing neither song nor trill of tune,
Ascended to the air with such a song
So sudden, yet so sweet, the poet dreamed
That 'twas the song and not the feathered wings
That bore them upward to the heaven's blue.
His gentle mind recalled within its dreams
The spirit of a thousand years before,—
A memory of days departed, faint

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

As dwells the odor of a fallen rose
Beside the bush deserted of its pride.
The conscious motive of the active mind
Was gone, and in its stead an influence
Whose sweetness is the very soul of rest
That wakens not; but, like the music's end,
Still dances on when words and verse are thro'.

The dearth of love in this too worldly world,
The pride of honor, selfishness of joy,
All argued into silence those fair thoughts
That so oft filled his heart and tuned his mind
To sympathy and closeness with the soul.
A white bud lay beneath his listless hand
Almost unseen among the blowing grass,
Tho' no one knew, its power and mystery
(For beauty has a power) half forced, half won,
Half baffled into sleep his wondering mind.
In perfect peace of soul the poet slept.

And down the marble steps came Margaret
From matin prayers and hymns, to breathe the air
Among the sunny paths and gardens fair.
Her gentle mind was sweet from holy thought,
Untainted by the gross world that around
Her castle walls strove mightily with self.
Her brow was high and noble, and yet broad,
(For therein kindness to all beings dwelt
Unmindful of its own superior light).
Her maids almost as fair around her walked,
With gentle voices low in sigh and laugh,
Almost as stately and almost as fair
As she, their mistress, like a regnant queen

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Among her sister queens, while close behind
The beaded monks came bending calm and slow,
With holy looks; and half their holiness
They seemed to find in her, their reverend eyes,
So slowly turning, ever turned toward her,
From whence a smile seemed wondrous recompense;
And jostling unaware they followed her.

With motion fairer than a bird may soar
She graefully deseended, and the sun
Beheld her eyes, as jealous of their light;—
And bending her fair head she there beheld
The poet sleeping on the seat below.
The oft-repeated forms of prayer and rite
Of sable-hooded monks died from her mind,
Remembering the sweet thoughts of the man.
E'en as their chant forgot to tone again
The monks looked on in wonder and in love,
As with a smile upon her lips she moved
Down to Alain. The maiden's murmurs ceased,
And all stood still by trellised step or stair.
Leaning low between the blowing bush,
Her light robe's fringe upon his still hand fell.
And spoke, "It is because those lips have said
Such perfect things." She kissed them, and passed
on.

The startled monks their broken chant restarted;
As Margaret passed on; the women smiled,
Their lingering looks behind still finding him
Yet steadfast in the land of peace and dreams.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

ON A ROSE

Go, lovely rose,
To thy repose,
Within the book I press thee;
Tho' not to save
The breath thee gave,
But hers who did caress thee.

For thou shalt die
And withered lie,
E'er Autumn's suns are burning,
But breath of her
More fair shall stir,
When leaves of time are turning.

SONG

All, would the rose upon the stem,
That blushing gains her prime,
Return and be a bud again
To cheat the hand of time!

Or doth it recompense the rose
To grow with sun and rain,
Then fade away as summer blows,
And come no more again?

Perehance when winds are over-rough
She smiles unto the sky,
And takes her fate in ignorance,
As even you or I.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

O WOMAN SWEET

Song

O WOMAN sweet is a fairy flower
Where beauty blooms in a showy shower;
Woman sweet is a lovely rose,
And only the heart of her lover knows
The perfect power of her purity,
That mutable life's one surety
Lies in the faith of woman's love,—
All things else must changing prove.
No man hath more than this, for his
The only thing that certain is.

YVONNE

A LADY there was and her face was as fair
As lilies that turn to the sky;
Her bearing was noble, her lineage was rare —
A princess of kingdoms gone by.
She dwelt among chambers of gray and of gold,
A castle of marble and white,
But lonely she lived, by the parapets old,
And dreamed on her pillow at night.

Her hair was as fair as the skies of the dawn,
Her eyes were as deep as the sea,
But pale were the cheeks of the slender Yvonne,—
This maiden of gentle degree.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And lonely she dreamed her a beautiful dream,
That came in a trance in the night,—
Astride of a palfrey with trappings of green,
She saw her own betrothèd knight.

Erect on a beautiful palfrey of white,
With trappings of green did he ride,
Tho' stern was his gaze, all his features were
bright—
He rode with a sword at his side.
All slowly he circled the bristling hill
As up to the palace he wound,
And paused by the walls of the castle so still,
With whispering forests around.

Yvonne then awoke from her beautiful dream,
And gazed from her tower on high,
But naught of the knight in full armor was seen,
No proud stepping palfrey went by.
Oh, lonely she dreamed in her castle of white,
Her beautiful chambers of gray,
She dreamed the same dream of her lover at night,
And looked for him long by the day.

And many came seeking the hand of the maid
From countries both near and afar,
In garments of yeomen and princes arrayed,
To her who dwelt lone as a star.
But none touched the love hidden deep in her heart,
Nor answered the longing she knew,
Till tears from the edge of her lashes would start—
And sadder and paler she grew.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

So sadder at heart grew the gentle Yvonne,
Her spirit more sad and more pale,—
The maid has a heart e'en as cold as a stone,
The false lovers said in the vale.
They made her a curtsey and bade her good day,
And bowed very low at her side,
So one after one they rode gayly away,
As only false suitors can ride.

Oh, deep were the tears that came fast to her eyes,
And wet were her lashes so long:
The lovely smile died on her beautiful face,
The music sped out of her song.
But none touched the love hidden deep in her heart
As chaste as the stars of the night,
When silver the stream in the luminous gleam
Of the moon that beams fair with its light.

Her eyes wandered far to the sight of a star
That shone o'er the parapets old,
From far, far away to the realms of the day,
Whose twilight and dawn are of gold.
She plucked from the vines that were climbing on
high
Their leaves blowing light in the air,
She plucked her a blossom as red as the dawn —
And fastened the flower in her hair.

She thought of the dawning, she thought of the rose,
She thought of her dream in the night; —
A sudden light shone on her tower, and there
Before her was kneeling the knight.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

“ Oh, come with me! fly to the realms of the day,
Oh, thou who wert waiting for me.
Oh, come to my countree that stretches away,
My castle that lies by the sea!

“ For there all our chambers are ringing with song,
Our tables with wine and good cheer,
While lonely thy days as they linger along,
For pride and not love linger here.”
Then blushing with joy she turned slowly her head,
As closer her spirit he drew,
And close in his arms from the castle they fled,
Afar to his fair world anew.

They quietly passed down the encircling stair
And down from the parapet old,
They fled from the gloom and the ghostly air—
The tower so dark and so cold.
Under the arch of the doorway they fled,
And over the moat-bridge they flew,—
She laughed a free laugh at the gates as they sped,
That hardly the dull echoes knew.

He seated her safe on his brave praneing steed,
His beautiful palfrey of white,
And gazèd, long, with his eyes of love
At her eyes of dear delight.
“ Oh, beautiful maid, Oh, star of my hope,
Thou light of my brightened day,
Come to my arms, come to my heart,
Come to my mount, and away.”

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

So over the hills of her childhood they sped,
Far over the country they flew,—
And happy in loving she laughed a free laugh
That hardly her glad heart knew.

THERE IS A TIME

THERE is a time for leaves to fall,
The fragrant rose to shed its bloom,
For May to loose her blossoms all
And vanish like a rare perfume.

There is a time for summer's sun,
There is a time for winter's breath;
For idle years of youth to run,
And age to fade away in death.

There is a time for love to rise
And grow between two happy hearts,
When young love springs its first surprise
And bliss upon the soul imparts.

There is an hour for song and rhyme,
As sober meditation, yet—
There is, alas, no time, no time,
For love forgotten to forget.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

THE RIVER IS WIDE

THE river is wide and the river is long,
With mountains above and the long cliffs below,
But not for its grandeur I'll sing you a song—
Of one fairest spot that my memories know.

'Tis there on a mossy rock under the trees
The billows so white running rippling by,
And far enough westward to catch the cool breeze,
To see, if you care, the blue hills in the sky.

I love the small spot and 'tis there could I dream
The rest of my days, for the cove is so fair,—
Mayhap 'tis because it's so quiet and green,
Or so, since I sat with sweet Marjorie there.

LOVER AFTER TOIL

With too much love, my soul ofttime oppressed,
Implores my tongue to speak, my mind to write,
With haste I seek sweet solitude and rest,
With heart of morning song, tho' tired, and night.

'Tis then I come, fair one, to sing to thee,
To sing the song my aching heart hath bound.
For toil is past, and shadows set me free,
To sing a song of sighs my lips have found.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

When all the weary, hot, and toilsome day
I charm the work's low thought away with love,
By loving thee o'er all, O canst thou say
This evening hymn of mine doth idle prove?

In thought of thee I find the day's work pleasure,
Then spoil it not, and give brief night its measure.

LOVE'S VIGIL

O WHEN thine eyes are weighted down with slumber
The sweet smile still, the dainty limbs at rest,
When spirit from thy form doth disencumber,
Like death but for the motion of thy breast,

Then thinking of thee by the winter's fire,
And lost within the realms of sweetest thought,
My true love's passion chooses the desire
To be a spirit from Love's heaven brought.

A spirit light, of air and love, unseen,
By mortals, and to visit thee so fair,
To kiss thy lips and whisper in thy dream
My love; to smooth the brow of thy gold hair.

Oh, let my soul keep vigil o'er thy form
Until a purer wakes thee in the morn.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

HOW ILL THY SPARKLING EYES

Sonnet

How ill thy sparkling eyes of three years past
Foretold the beauty Time has there fulfilled,
Or how briefly days of childhood last
Like the dews upon the bud distilled.

They vanish with the golden sun of morn,
And so thy beauty born to brighter bloom
Has opened like a rose, thy slender form
Has filled almost as quickly as the moon

That day by day rounds out its slender horn.
If love makes perfect thus with Time's increase
How perfect be that love thy soul has formed!
Yet time is fickle and his favors cease.

O share thy beauty with another's heart
While it still is in its fullest part!

A PROPHETCY

THE fitful gusts go piping down the lane
And blow the sere leaves to the freezing sod;
The trees stand bare 'neath darkened skies of rain,
While by my fireside dreamily I nod.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Then thinking of the life of gentle mind,
That dwells so far above man's weary way,
Which soon must be renounced for tasks less kind,
For Mammon's hand still guides our mortal day;

Then thinking of that day (youth too soon passed),
When far from friends I'll face Dame Fortune's
wiles,
Lost joy and hast'ing age may shadows cast,
But they shall fade, remembering thy smiles.

The whole world cannot change the life I'll live
In thee; thy love such greater grace doth give.

THE WANDERER

THE night hath her stars,
The desert her flowers;
The sea hath her gems,
And birds have their bowers.

And I have my love,
My love and my song;
O be the day weary
Or be the road long,

My day hath her flower,
My night hath her star,
Tho' tiresome the journey
And home lies afar.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

The way may be weary,
But never for long;
My song has its love
And love has her song.

LOVE AND TO-MORROW

ALL day as I labor I wearily sigh
For pleasures that surely the morrow will bring,
And then when the death of the day draweth nigh
In thought of the morrow most gladly I sing.
When evening descendeth with rest in sweet sleep
I wake from the dreams of my fair lover's faee,
To gaze at the east if fair Phœbus yet peep
From curtains of gold where beginning their race
The fiery steeds spring o'er the morn's early sky.
For then will I see ere the dewdrop is gone
From May buds' petals the loving bright eye
Of one that I love, and my heart is at home.

SEA SONG

O WAVES are dancin in the bay
Where sun is bright. Come, let's away;
Let's down to ship at anchor riding
No more on shore with lubbers hidin
From wind and wave, and sun and storm,—
We've been too long at harbor warm.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

So come away, the heart grows weak
Beside a tender woman's cheek.
Aboard, and let the damsels be,
For us the wild, the open sea.

THE CALL OF THE OPEN SEA

A VIKING's blood runs thro' my veins,
I long for a new countree;
I'd roam where'er a monarchy reigns,
Far over the open sea !

Away, away for many a day
Over the golden main,
I'd follow on to the end of the world,
To the end of the seas again !

It's O for winds of measureless seas,
A glimpse of the shoreless skies,
A-roaming o'er the world and away
As free as an eagle flies !

O Dave, my boy, there's many a ship
That sails to a port unknown,
A-roaming o'er the bottomless deep
And ever at rest a-roam !

O Dave, my boy, there's many a ship
That sails to a distant quest,
Ahoy ! let's give this city the slip
And on to the East and West !

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

TO THE OLD ADVENTURERS

In Search of El Dorado

GONE from our footsteps, tho' left to our memory,
Sea-faring spirits of old,—
Were ye paid ever for all your endeavor
In tracing these seerets of gold?
Now while ye rest with the sod on your breast,
As silent and helpless ye lie,
Now can ye know of those seerets unfound,
Hidden in earth from the sky?
Or if the spirit thro' power of its own
Has risen and taken its flight,
Looking upon the delusions of men
Watching us grope in the night,
Can ye not speak to us, spirits adventurous,
Speak from your heaven and guide us aright?

THE SUN WORSHIPERS

O THERE was a thrill at the sight of the hill,
And the brooklet where stone from stone
The waters fell from well to well,
To drip or splash in a foam.

Over the hill to the west, the west,
Wherever the sun went down,
Over the frieze of the distant trees
That sit on the hill like a crown.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

The mist would gather behind each hill
And crouch in the valley below,
While overhead so red, so red,
The sun was hanging low.

We worshiped the light of the dawning day,
The sun in the reddened west,—
As years ago the Indian child
Shot his shaft in his native wild
To follow the sun to rest.

STORM KING

FIFTY miles from the dusty town
The lofty cliffs of Storm King frown,
Frown in the storm o'er the wind-swept miles,
Or fair in the sun of morning smiles,
And looks in a dream o'er Newberg Bay
North to the Catzbergs far away;
Between the hills of the vale outspread
The river winds, a silver thread,
And down below in the valley deep
The hamlets lie in peaceful sleep.

Fifty miles from the crowded town
I'd camp where the dew falls softly down,
Far from the castles of discontent,
Far from the plains of Tenement.
A table set on a rocky board,
A blanket bed on the grassy sward,
While high above the leafy tent
Is stretched the starry firmament;

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And sleep with my head on the springy sod,
Sleep with dreams in the peace of God.
To wake in the light of early dawn
When manteling night has just withdrawn,
With all the wood-folk up from sleep,
And life astir in the forest deep.

O for the hawk that circles round,
O for the bird that hides in the ground,
O for the eagle that builds his nest
High on the top of a pathless crest!
Here is a pleasant near retreat
From the hardened paths and the hastening feet;
What is wealth when light on your back
You carry your home in your mountain pack?
What are the wines of olden Spain
To rocky pools of heaven's rain?

O far away on the mountain's breast,
To dream in the soul's divinest rest,
And stretched beneath a mountain pine
To watch the shadow's lazy line
Trace the hilltops in and out
Where the clouds are blown about.
To watch the weary steamers trail
With here and there a lonely sail,
And hear the trains with faintest roar
Creep along on the distant shore:
Save the birds no other sound
Breaks the stillness all around.
And while in a shady nook you lie
With face before a smiling sky,
Breathing the mountain air refined,
Ask of your heart if God is kind.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

LEE AT APPOMATTOX

THE officers were all without, and at the table seated
Were two strong men, brave leaders both, without
their armies now.

The followers of one were vanquished, hungered, and
depleted,

The others were victorious — you know the story
how.

The smaller man and younger wore the soldier's blouse
of blue

Of a lieutenant-general, bespattered from his ride;
The taller man and older wore full uniform and new,
With spurs and sash, a brilliant sword was belted
to his side.

Silently the two shook hands and spoke a word in-
formal,

And then arranged the final terms of that too
costly peace.

The face of Lee was anxious, but the face of Grant
was normal

But for a trace of gladness that the strife was soon
to cease.

"Surrender unconditionally," the spirit was before
him

That gave the words their meaning, now so hard, so
hard to bear.

"We will not ask your swords," wrote Grant, as sym-
pathy came o'er him.

And then Lee asked, "The horses, sir, the horses
may we spare?"

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And at the answer, lo! his face lost something of
its sorrow,

“ That will help them much,” he said, “ to bear with
their defeat;

They are farmers and have not to plow with on the
morrow,

For all they had — their homes, their lives — they
placed here at my feet.”

Then they arose, shook hands, and Lee passed slowly
out and gravely,

Tall and straight and slender, tho’ his hair and
beard were gray,

And out upon the steps he paused,— for silently and
bravely

The army that had followed him, there in the valley
lay.

He paused and gazed a moment, then as shattered
hopes came o’er him,

He smote his hand and fist as sorrow rocked him in
its power,

The tears were in his eyes when they led Traveler
before him,

And Union hats were raised for him in that last
trying hour.

O truly great as general, aristocrat and gentleman,
In thy words misfortune is good fortune bravely
borne,

Thy noble spirit bore all well, and so thy fellow coun-
trymen,

For lo! the wounded Southland rises on the battle
morn!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

AT GETTYSBURG

I

THE star of day had slipped behind the old familiar hill,
The peacee of night lay on the farm and all the woods lay still,
But chilling was the wind that blew about the herded kine;
The family sat together round the blazing logs of pine.

"Another call for men, sir, from the President in state,
Men needed! Can I go, sir, go before it is too late?"
And a father's face grew graver than the graveness of his years,
Slightly bowed his whitened brow, his eyes half-filled with tears,
It took all his courage as unheeding child and wife
He answered, "You may go, sir, to the front, and to the strife.

"Remember, if you're fighting, sir, or waiting, 'tis the same,
Be loyal to your country and be loyal to my name,
And should it come to dying, sir," — his bright eye grew still bolder,—
"If fate so wills it, die, sir, like a man and like a soldier!"

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And happy was a youthful mind that dreamed of arms
and war,

But fearful was the mother's heart beneath the smile
she wore.

A father's mind was struggling for mastery of fears,
A little sister trembled in a sudden flood of tears.

The morning sun shone brightly in a clear and cloud-
less sky,

The village homes were hung with flags, to wave the
soldiers by.

At last the hour expectant came, with sounds of many
feet,

A thousand men were marching to the war-drum's
rhythmic beat.

He paused to hear his father say, "Remember what
I've said!"

And laughing, kissed his sister's tears away and on-
ward sped.

The days drew out the courage of the youth who
willed to roam,

And time bore out the bravery of the loving folks at
home,

And never did the sinking sun sail westward from the
day

But kindred hearts were thinking of their hero far
away.

A year passed when a letter came with good news
from the boy,—

"Your son is made an officer!" — and with a father's
joy

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

A father's pride was mingled, for a soldier's rank is won!

The mother only prayed again that He might save her son.

Yet joy ran o'er the country farm and smiled from bank to burn,—

The farmhand dreamed a welcome of the soldier boy's return.

The sun in its beneficence upon the village shone,
And by the hazy autumn time the fruitful crops were grown,

The harvest days were over, with the cider in the mill,
And soon the trees were leafless on the cold and windy hill.

Still vacant was one quiet room so free from sudden harm,

But courage kept her council on that old New England farm.

II

'Twas morning, and at Gettysburg, and every soldier knew

That rank should meet opposing rank before the day was through,

For like colliding thunder-clouds that meet upon a race

The armies of the North and South stood grimly face to face.

Neither Meade nor Lee had planned to meet the frowning foe,

But having met, nor Meade nor Lee did plan to turn and go

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Beside the road to Emmitsburg a peaceful valley lay,
And here the mighty armies met to fight their bloody
fray.

Let others tell the fearful tale of horror and of
death,—
Who bore the arms of murder and who felt the can-
nons' breath;
How hollow-eyed commanders formed their armies in
the night,
And pale and wan held counceil while the moon was
shining bright.
By day the clouds of heavy smoke did hover o'er the
vale,
And curled about the screaming shells and hid the
hissing hail,—
Or how the valiant Pickett charged the bristling ranks
in vain,
When thousands withered marching on before the
leaden rain.

'Twas evening, and at Gettysburg the day's hot fight
was o'er,
The sharp fight in the railroad cut, the place was
red with gore,—
The pale, wan moon looked down upon the scene with
silver light,—
By comrades dead and dying the wounded slept that
night.
A soldier of the Northern blue arose from where he
lay
To give a fallen soldier drink who wore the Southern
gray,—

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Oh, Rebels were forgotten in their feeble, wounded
plight,
And foemen of the day were wounded comrades of
the night.

No more the curséd cannon roared its fire across the
green,
No more the angry iron hail responded with a scream,
As Round Top darkened slowly close beside the fading
sky
Where forty thousand souls below had found a place
to die.

Among the number one awoke, half rising, looked
around,
And saw his comrades scattered, dead and dying, on
the ground.
Then thinking grimly of the fight and horror he had
passed,
He felt his life-blood flowing and he knew it was his
last.
For he had fought as well becomes a soldier and a
man,
And now he was prepared to die,— what else mortal
can?
A memory ran through him, and in pain he rose alone,
The thought inspired strength within him like
strength from music's tone.
He wrapped his cape about him and without a mo-
ment's pause
He walked across the battle-field, Lieutenant-Colonel
Dawes,

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

His officer, saluting, at attention firm and right;
“ Report, sir? ” and the answer paused on pressed
 lips bloody bright.

He said with supreme effort, for his blood was grow-
 ing colder,
“ Just tell the folks I died, sir, like a man and like a
 soldier.”

Then throwing back his martial cloak he showed the
 raw wound red,
And there at his command’s feet the hero’s form fell
 dead!

III

At morning sun they buried him upon the battlefield,
His martial cloak a surplice and a blanket for a shield,
His ruddy lips were pale and sealed and on his face
 repose.

As one with marching orders, knowing whitherward
 he goes;

As one who slumbers peacefully within the firing line
They covered him and left him to his mystery divine.

The sun in its beneficence upon the village shone,
Again by golden harvest time the fruitful crops were
 grown.

The summer winds breathed gently on those old New
 Hampshire hills

Where far away the home folks toiled and life-blood
 never spills.

In vain the plodding farmhand dreamed the soldier
 boy’s return,

No brother kissed a sister’s eyes from bitter tears
 that burn,

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

A father's hand grew weary for a father's hair was gray,
A mother's heart was heavy where the weight of sorrow lay;
Deserted was one farmhouse room so quiet, free from harm,
But Courage kept her council on that old New England farm.

SAN FRANCISCO, 1906

Beyond the eastern hills the sun arose
As day once more upon fair Frisco shone—
When Nature shuddered,—and down from her throne
The West's "Pacific Queen" in terror fell!
Against the dawn a hundred fires arose,
The trembling earth gaped wide and all was Hell,
And ruin reigned as ne'er before was known.

The country's hand gave help and other lands
Sent aid and sympathy,—the Old World named
This crushing blow thy final doom and seal.
But e'er the adverse elements regained
Their calm and order, with thy bleeding hands
Thou builded up anew with all the zeal
With which thy sons since Forty-nine are famed,—
And grander still the dauntless city stands!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

A WINTER'S NIGHT

WITHIN the room were riches from the East;
And by a long and marble corridor
The God of Music spread a living feast
With soft selections from "El Toridore,"
And operas that have long been loved before.
The violins upon a golden thread
Of music wove an aching dream of yore,
The clarinets in light foot treble led
The melancholy 'cello to lift up its drooping head.

A thousand brilliant lights shone cold and white
Upon a place as faëry as a dream;
On every hand a different delight
Was seen on marble arch and purple screen;
And here and there a painting placed between
The arches of a near and festive room
Spoke love and beauty, or a verdant scene
Of rural life, a harvest field and moon;
For all was life and luxury, far placed from care and
gloom.

And in the center of the gilded hall,
Beneath a green and barred and leaded shade,
The music of a dripping waterfall
With the orchestra in union played;
Around the hall in gorgeous wraps arrayed
The painted women drank in luxury.
Nowhere was the hand of pleasure stayed,
And adding loudly to the revelry
The voices rose of some who had been drinking long
and free.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

It was the night, and overhead the stars,
The very stars that shone on Bethlehem,
Twinkled faintly through their cloudy bars
 And disappeared behind the misty hem
 Of Heaven; darker still it grew, till men,
Like shadows, passed the gloomy street along; —
 Each lamp shone dimly in its misty pen,
'Twas late, but through the window still the throng
Upon the midnight silence broke with noisy jests
 and song.

Then silently the snowflakes fell, and grew,
 And spread the city with a mantle white,
As softly as descends the summer's dew
 That falls upon the clover fields at night.
 But chilling blew the bitter winds, and tight
Each passer-by his covering would hold,
 Low bending, for the snow did rob the sight,
And e'en the gentleman in fur did fold
 More close his Persian collar to keep out the winter's
 cold.

The streets were soon deserted as the snow
 Still deeper piled its silence, till a plain
Was curbed and corner where the wind would blow
 From drifted heaps to level space again.
 And down the night a child of unknown name,
Unsheltered, wandered, aimless and alone,—
 Be it friends or fortune most to blame,—
He had no welcome roof to call his own,
 Nor cot, nor crust, nor any place that he might call
 a home.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Along the chill and bitter street he passed,
And paused before that city mansion fair,
Tho' not in hope that he had found at last
A respite from his weary journey there;—
But even as the moth turns to the glare
Of brilliant light, with blind and thoughtless wings,
He gazed upon the light with weary stare—
A place where music sighs and laughter rings
Were unto him as pleasant dreams of far-off happy
things.

His home no more his home,—it boots not why,—
Perhaps a father drunk, a mother dead;
He had been used to woe, for in his eye,
Where hunger stared, emotion long was sped.
But pinehd and thin he was, ill-clothed, ill-fed.
Lo! to a friendly shadow nook he stepped,
Tho' scarcely able to hold up his head
As to his last cold corner dark he crept,
And there as numbness spread over him his soul and
body slept.

.

'Twas early morn, and now the merry throng
Were gathering their cloaks and sables rare,
When thro' the open door a burst of song
Broke out upon the solemn midnight air;
And slowly out they passed, and found him there.
A glanee, a look, a touch, a sudden ery!—
They bring him quickly to the inner glare,
All pausing in their revelry to sigh
For one who came three blocks away from Poverty to
die.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

THE NEWSBOY AND THE PEANUT MAN

“PEANUTS!” cried the peanut man,
As he stood in the square by his little stand
 Turning the goobers round and round,
While the whistle squeaked with a shrilly sound,
And the old man blew upon his hand,—

For the air was chill that Autumn night,
And the man in rags was a piteous sight.

He watched the faees passing by,
None seemed to heed the whistle’s ery,
Or passed with a smile at the homely sight.

Then the lad that sold papers, the smallest one,
Half hid ’neath his “extras” and eating a bun,
 Came over the square in the evening’s dusk
 And gave the old man half the crust,
For this was the old man’s son.

His yellow papers were nearly gone,
He was cold and tired, so he too sat down,
 On the box by his father he took his rest,
 And slept with his head on the old man’s
 breast ;—
And some paused to buy peanuts, while passing on.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

THE PALISADES IN WINTER

YESTERDAY the cliffs I could not see,—

The day was dark, the snow was thicker growing;
The air was white with flakes and like a sea

The dark ice-spotted stream its waves were throwing,

And sight was lost, where waters deep were flowing;

Loud was the noise of ice-floes crushing there,

And louder still the fierce North wind was blowing,
Which drove the sleet aslant thro' chilling air,
Forcing me away from the wild elements' warfare.

To-day the sky is clear with sun's strong light,

The wind, more temperate, reigns o'er silent earth.
The sun gilds o'er the stream intensely bright,

The Palisades have had a second birth.

The whole scene now presents an Arctic dearth
Of solemn majesty, somber and grand,

As seen by lonely wanderers in the North.

Above the scene the bare cliffs changeless stand,
While far below where pine tops rise, slopes out the
crystal strand.

AT SAGAMORE

Two thousand feet above the dark blue rim

Which men call water rise on every side
The wooded mountains to their sky line dim,

And toss their heads to heaven, high and wide;

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

While in the waters silvery clear, beside
The forest shore, I found an island green,—
And there an Inn where long I would abide
With Jean, to sail and seek each changing scene,
Till Love at last contented with its life forgot to
dream.

AT HOME

I'VE traveled many countries o'er,—
Strange lands from east and west,—
And now I turn to home once more
To quiet, peace, and rest.

I care no more for foreign skies,
Nor distant ancient scenes;
My soul craves but the peace which lies
In this our land of dreams.

This spot upon the Hudson where
The sun and winds are free —
Above the frowning Palisades,
Below the Tappan Zee.

For on those sparkling waters
Which laugh upon the shore,
Oh, there we sailed and dreamed away
Our youth and love of yore.

Oh, there the waves more gently leapt
While passing to the sea;
I think the skies bent closer there
Above my love and me.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

For there we two together roamed
Upon the rose-crowned hill,—
And I am working for the time
When love shall have her will.

I care not for the glories grand
The ancient Past has known,—
Oh, little bungalow — and Love!
Then has my soul her own.

THE WATERFALL

O SPIRIT free of the mountains,
Laughter light of the morn,
Flooding the vale with musie
Clear as the huntsman's horn.

Laughter light of the mountains,
Spirit sweet of the morn,—
The fancy free of the fairy folk,
The dewy dells adorn.

Dashing down the mountain,
Over the wolds away,
Leaping out like a fountain spout,
To fall to the winds in spray.

Breath of the mists of morning,
Form of the formless mist,
The clouds descend and still contend
With the wooing wind at the tryst.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

The mountain sleeps through the ages,
And in its sleeping dreams;—
The mirrored lake from its slumbers wake,
And both in thy nature gleams.

Wondrous work of the hillside,
Art of the constant hill,
Ne'er in sound or motion bound,
Thy song is constant still.

Lovely appear on the mountain
The silvery steps of thy feet,
Leaping down with a laugh to the town
With its sordid ills replete.

THE OLD MILL

Down by the old mill where the water falls still,
And all its oak beams are now soft with decay,
Time's unsparing tooth wrecks regardless of ruth,
The old mill is slowly now passing away.

The mill-stone now broken lies low, the last token
Of unceasing use in the prosperous past;
Where labored the farmer from winter to summer,
Who relished his bumper its dregs to the last.

The water-wheel gone, the pit empty and lone,
Where listless and careless the waters still flow;
The mildew and moss still mourn for its loss,
And form a green shroud with the ferns as they grow.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And over the edge of the stream's rocky ledge,
Where, slipping and tumbling, onward they roam,
The swift waters flow to the sharp rocks below,
Which scatters and tears them to light mist and foam.

Below in her tryst the fair maiden of mist
Now promises peace of the near future's best;—
The valley beyond gently slopes to a pond,
Which gathers the turbulent waters to rest.

The water still roars as its volume it pours,
Although its accompanying grinding is gone,—
The sound of the mill will forever be still,
But beautiful Nature continues her song.

THE WORLD'S TRUTH

WHAT my blessings next may be
When I learn death's mystery
I have knowledge none, nor fear,—
One thing only love I here.

Solomon who lived of old,
All of worldly comforts held,
Powerful, rich, and wise was he,
Yet found all but vanity.

Then am I more blessed by far
Than the ancient princes were,
Naught of weariness I feel,
Love alone is true and real.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Wealth I crave not, but for thee,—
That our love may journey free;
Naught of pride, save that which lies
In the spirit of thy eyes.

Only one thing love I here,—
Else the world were cold and sere,—
'Tis the passion of thy breast,
This alone can bring me rest.

HYMN OF THE NIGHT

BREAK, daylight, o'er the shadow sinking land,
O'er all earth's cares and joys draw slowly down
The purple curtain with thy gentle hand.
O'er the western waters and the hills
The rosy day departs; the restless town
Must sleep and leave all fretting, worldly wills
To Heaven's care, for Nature sleepeth, too —
Nor wakes as mortals do to daily cares.
To all her works fair Nature beauty gives
By natural rest and quiet. Only man,
Despising beauty, puts his life away
With low thoughted cares. Both day and night
Are times for peace and joy and quiet thought.
O let the simple blessed life be thine,
As peaceful, sweet and beautiful and free,
As all of Nature's beings — happy birds
Who sing and fly and live aloft near skies
Whose lives with song and sunshine harmonize.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

THE POET'S FUNCTION

No idle dreamers they, who silently
Gaze out the fading watches of the night,—
For light creeps only in upon the mind
Slumbering to the dull things of this world
And lost to consciousness in mystery
Of light unseen and truths unknown to men.
The active mind cannot look in beneath
The surface of its life; the passive mind
Alone receives impressions from beyond,—
Alone can see, in silence understand;
Tho' unexpressed, feel truth within the soul.
We mortals are but fools, these things are naught,—
The worldly things we love and dote upon,—
Our only strength is faith. There is a world
More real than this, and there our spirit leads.
No dreamers they, who grope around in thought
For truth where mortals carelessly pass by.
O ye, who love the substance of this world,
Love but the very shadow of a dream!
And how small and how inferior
These spheres are to the Mind that governs them,
These moving clods, to Thought that gave them
birth!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

LIFE AND DEATH

BOTH Life and Death appeared to me last night,—
Then unseen fingers did figures mold
Upon the mobile mind, where, uncontrolled,
Sleep closed the weary lids and let in light.

Life was a playful child, and fair and bright,
It babbled of each thing it felt and saw;
Yet nothing knew of all that filled its sight,
Nor through its tears could sorrow see aright;
But on its mother's breast forgot its awe,
Where love brought perfect rest and manifold.

And kind, grave Love lit Death's, the mother's face,
Who answered not each cry, but gravely smiled;
And brightly shone her soul with Truth's calm grace.
As she foresaw the Future of her Child.

AD LENTE

THE sober night has spread his dusky wings
Afar from east to west. The stars are out,
The moon is clear amid a changeless sky,
And all the air is still. The troubled thoughts
That weigh the brooding mind have worn away
As homeward fly the swallows to the west.
The troubled thoughts fly far, but sorrow still
Sits pensively amid the quiet gloom,—
Sits waiting with the troubled heart for sleep.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

So sleep, sweet sleep, come spread thy cloak for me,
And bring to me the secret of thy peace.
O give to me the potion of thy dreams,
And vanish me unto thy sacred realms.

MELPOMENE

I SAT me in a play-house thro' a play,
Saw mimic passions melt into my own,
And gladly felt my being fade away
Before the glowing grave before me shown.
But never had I such true pathos known
In drama, until Anglin played her part;—
The soul's reserve to all the winds was thrown,
Its spirit rose till tears had choked the heart,
Beneath her beauty's power and all-conquering art!

THALIA

O MAIDEN MUSE of Comedy Divine,
Whose graceful arts of witchery and wile
Can win sweet pleasure from the passing time,
And teach the wearied heart again to smile,—
O turn to us those sparkling eyes and bright,—
Thy lips with wondrous witchery do teem.
O come once more before the magic light,
As fair as is the spirit of my dream.
Thy beauty wins the cares of Time away

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And leaves the sweetness of a rare perfume,—
As lovers fled together in a play
Where lingers but the cadence of the tune.
O such the spirit that our senses greet
When falls at last the curtain at thy feet.

ROBERTSON

MUCH passion have I seen through tear-dimmed
eye
On drama's stage of careful studied art,
Oft heard sweet song to silence gently die,
When from the throat a new speech seemed to start;
But till, with Hamlet's great life-wearied heart,
With eye divine, face sweet with too much pain,—
With deep pure voice possessing love's control,—
With graceful gestures of tall manhood's frame,—
Not ever had I known the soul to move
So joyfully as for Robertson.—The man
Was more than actor on the stage when Love
Led on the way to light where light began:
His noble power seemed tutored from above,
When his great art showed what an actor can!

OH, WHAT IS THE PLAY?

Oh, what is the play when Helen's face
Beams with the joy of her spirit's sight!
What is the play when beauty's smiles
Lighten her face with her soul's delight!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

What is the play when Helen's eyes
Fill with tears at Perdita's woe!
What is the passing plot of the play
When Helen's eyes with feeling glow!

When crowned with her presence by your side
You feel the sorrow of her sighs,
Or take new interest in the play
At her bosom's fall and rise,—
Oh, tell me if you can, I say,
What is the play, what is the play?

GOOD NIGHT

HELEN, when thy hand in mine
One still moment lingering lies,
Gazing on thy faee divine
Looking deep into thine eyes,

In those eyes so deep of brown,
Seeking for their inmost thought —
Smiling at thy maiden frown,
Hearing thee, yet heeding not; —

Past all words and even thought,
When the tongue is silent, still,
And the heart to passion wrought
Holds, before thy woman's will: —

Thou my deep true love eanst see,
Open, frank before thy sight.
Can I take as much from thee
In thy tender, low "Good night"?

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

AT SUNSET

THE dark and dreary day went out at last,
The hidden sun shone only at its setting;
By eventide the storms and clouds had passed,
Of her own tears the earth was fast forgetting.

Then in the distance rose in silver splendor
The clear, new moon, and with it rese a star;
And side by side they traveled, till the tender
Light of Heaven showed "New Day" afar.

AT PEACE

OUTSIDE the bleak November wind blows cold,
The leafless trees toss wildly up on high,
And overhead the black crows calling bold,
Like ghouls of storm go flying o'er the sky.
The sturdy chimney rocks amid the storm.
The slow ascending smoke is cruelly torn,
While snowflakes fall and melt in its wide top,
And in the grate the pine knots burst and pop
Where you and I, love, sit before the fire so warm.

O here I find a charm for all the chill
Of biting winds wrecking the world outside;—
A place for homeless wanderers full ill—
O by thy heart's warm hearth let me abide.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

For, love, in thee I find a warmer life,
I like the grace and beauty of thy limbs,
Thy cheeks are red, thy lips with kisses rife,—
Thy gentle mind hath few false fears and whims,
While mine a restless swallow, o'er life's darkness
skims.

Long have I waited, love, for this sweet hour,
Long years has love to me been but a dream;
The distant longed-for splendor, life's one flower,
The blossom of the years and toil unseen.
Now dost thou prove the truth that did but seem
The object of a love held long aloof,
And now my spirit dwells in thine serene,
Still strong and constant to the light that never
failed from youth.

MUTATION

THE evenings fade, the mornings come,
The wanton sun peeps in and out;
The dark clouds gather till they run,
And now they flee in hasty rout.

All through the day, all through the night,
All through the years, the restless tides
Fall and climb to depth and height,
And there immortal beauty bides.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And so my life rides up and down,—
Now in despair I hopeless drift;
And then fair weather comes around,
When lo! I like to sing a lift.

The majesty of calm and storm,
The wondrous beauty of the sea,
The lovely rainbow's bended form,
Are symbols great enough for me.

IN ARCADY

WHEN sunset fades across the glades upon the grand
old river,
When all the trees are Autumn's tho' the wind is
Summer's still,
O fair a place that never
This world from me shall sever,—
The years may come and go, but Love at last shall
have her will!

Away, away, across the bay, across the purply
reaches,
Into purple waters fading and the purple sky,
There is a place to rest in,
A place I would invest in,—
A place I'd love to lay me down and watch the ships
go by!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

O fair and dim the high line of the earth's and
heaven's sky line

O fair this spot of beauty where I long to build my
home.

The world around is weary,
Monotonous and dreary,—

With Love I could forget it all and care no more to
roam!

O, Love, have we not built ourselves a palace there
already?

O, Love, have we not often, often wandered to that
shore?

And oft with weary feet
Thro' bending fields of wheat,

Wandered in our wonder world with all the love of
yore?

And traced upon the hillside running thro' each vale
and valley

The beauties of the brook that murmured laughter
in its sound;

Running down the mountains,
Then leaping up in fountains,

Upon the lofty lawns where flowery forms are strewn
around.

And watched the laden vessels sweep with bended
sails and silent,

With the pointing pennant on the mizzentop on
high,—

Watched the waves come swelling
From their distant southern dwelling,

And seen the sudden shifting shafts of sunlight from
the sky!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And the little distant ships that tack out in the open,
With their dark and slender sails all bent and sloped
the same,—

Like a little swallow
Fleetly on they follow,—

Follow still the wind's free will on to the open main!

And O the trees that frame the distant picture of
the open,
The wondrous fair artistic trees that seem to linger
round,—

The poplars, maples, willows,
Their points below the billows,
Which tumble on the hidden beach with music in the
sound!

O all the leafy luxury that languishes about us,
The luxury of color on the carpet of the sod,—
The trees are red and yellow,
For the year is growing mellow,
The crimson leaves, the yellow sheaves, the hand-
painting of God!

O all the joy and laughter of the years that shall
come after,
The music of the motors and the hunters' riding
light—
With all the hounds that follow
Over hill and over hollow,—
The reveling and dancing in the lighted halls at
night!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

O all the days of sunshine from the Autumn to the
Springtime,—

For Time shall prove the treasures that our Hope did
never lack,—

For the Love of long ago,

Is the Love my heart would know,

With joy in all the blood of youth, and Love with
hair blown back!

But ere the Spring come Winter Time when all the
birds are silent,

The stubble wheat is frozen and the running brooks
are still,—

O cold the chilly sky

By the reddened west on high,

Where the black pines huddle on the bold and windy
hill.

O here's a world to lie in, to sleep in and to die in,
To live in and forgive in, to play in and to dream,—

A place to do your best

Leaving Heaven with the rest,—

A place to own your soul, your home, your fields,
and meadows green.

O heavy days that wear along until that time is
present—

O heavy days and weary nights so sure to intervene,—
How often shall I count you? —

But hope shall still surmount you,
And gladly shall I gaze into the future with a
dream!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

O see the light wind playing with the branches of
the forest,

O see the sun rays straying thro' the tree tops dark
and tall!

It smiles into our eyes,—

So come, my love, arise,

And know that I must leave thee and that dreaming
is not all.

There's gold in morn's horizon of a worth beyond
appraising,

For glory of the rising sun, youth's seas incarnadine —

The strength of Hope fails never,

Love goes where Youth has led her,

And lips of Love grow redder with the languishing
of Time!

THE LAND OF THE MORNING STAR

A song for old Westminster, boys,

Up on the valley hill!

A song for the boys who've gone away,

And wish they were with you still.

For memories cling to the songs you sing

In the happiest days that are,

And dear to the heart, dear as the home —

The land of the morning star,

The land of the morning star.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

For this is the land of morning star,
 The realms of the jocund day.
The woods, the river, and the hills,
 The track and the fields for play.
It's Ho, for the cabins in the snow,
 The tents when the fields are fair;
For troubles come and troubles go,
 But never a youth shall care,
 No, never a youth shall care.

The friends you make, the hearts you love,
 Tho' vanished one by one,
Leave something more than memories
 To fade with the fading sun.
And when the clouds of trouble come
 To darken the doubtful day,
The quiet grace of a leader's face
 Shall help you to keep the way,
 Shall help you to keep the way.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR

It is the last night of the year:
 Adieu, old year, adieu, adieu!
I leave with you this lingering tear —
 For Love and Joy bring in the New.

The ship sails down the silvery stream,
 The cold December storm is past;
The wailing winds no longer scream,
 The stars appear, and one is fast.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Now, may the sailors journey free
Of care, with mind and heart tuned high,
Nor fear the fickle changing sea
Beneath the watch light of the sky.

So when my bark puts out to sea,
I trust that still light shall appear;
For long in Heaven sought by me,
To mark my pathway light and clear.

So when the years spin on and on,
And fade away as last year's night,
I trust that by the morning's dawn
My soul shall view this world aright.

THE FALLEN TIDE

OLD, old is the rolling sea,
Unmeasured is its time;
Yet seems no older than my heart
When Youth and Love were mine.

Wide, wide, is the distant sea,
Where the tide runs back in vain;
And my heart flows out, that the flood of youth
May fill my life again.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

MEMORIES

SILENT are the halls where once fair Mildred's voice
rang clearly,
Fled are all the echoes that once answered to her
song;
Lonely and deserted is the place we loved so dearly,—
All the friendly faces of the boys and girls are
gone.

O spirit of those happy days, bring back the careless
laughter,
O memory, bring back to me the days when we
were young!
The joy of youth was with us then, and all that
cometh after
Is fading to the memory of songs that once were
sung.

O beautiful the girls were then and brave the lads
around them,
And cheerful shone the crackling logs while flaming
on the fire;
No ready hand to stir them now, a desuetude has
bound them,
The gloomy shadows flit away and with the flames
suspire.

How eager rang the constant bell to mark each
friend's returning!
How cheerful was the welcome of each wanderer
who came!

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

O quickly open swung the doors upon their hinges
turning,

And once within they swung in place as ever to
remain!

The wondrous tales of foreign lands and deeds of
cheerless labor,

The tales of lonely duty thro' the dark and chilly
night —

Forgotten was the noisy mill, the uniform and saber,
Before the lovely faces laughing in a free delight.

Forgotten was the toilsome day and every silent
sorrow,

Forgotten were the years of fruitless work and
worry past;

For present joys eclipsed the very troubles of the
morrow,

And in the eyes of merry maids shone happiness at
last.

The joy was far too bright to last, till time for
Care's returning,

When lo, the God of Time looked down and turned
the care to love,

For two by two we went away to ease each other's
yearning,

And soon the others followed, trusting all to God
above.

So now the story's done, run on and say good night
to mother,

And ask her if she knows about the circle in the
hall; —

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

And maybe when you're older you may draw around
another

And grow up,—if you sleep and sleep,—like
mother fair and tall.

WHEN I WAS A LAZY LOVER

WHEN I was a lazy lover,
And you were my wide-eyed queen
Wandering care free over
The sunny hills of green;
Idly wandering to and fro,
O dreams would come as the dreams would go.

With hair of brown, gold turning,
And cheek of dimpled smile,
Eyes with love a-burning
Every light foot mile;
Over the hillside high and low,
Then dreams would come as the dreams would
go.

But now that the light of morning
Has turned to the day wide west
New dreams my heart is scorning,
For the old that my heart loves best;
The idle dreams of long ago,
For no dreams come as the old dreams go.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

THE DREAMER

HE wandered down the crowded way
Beneath the evening sun;
And thro' the weary city street
He walked as though alone.

His head was bowed, but not through years,
His face as morning bright,
His thoughtful brow was kind, and oh,
His eyes were full of light.

He did not have the hurried pace
Of thousands at his side,
And in this near, unblest to-day
His soul was satisfied.

WHEN A CHILD

OH, how were you when a child,
When your heart was beating wild,
And a thousand glories passed before you,
Seen by you alone?
Your soul's longings then were clear,
In your tender seventh year,
Dulled and dimmed by repetitions now,
You're old and worldly grown.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

O those fair and dreaming eyes,
Whose pure thoughts unknown to sighs,
Once beheld the gloried visions of
 The gentle fairy throng,
O how fresh were sun and flowers,
In those heav'ly morning hours,
Then the world was wondrous new, and oh,
 The soul was wondrous strong!

One by one ye fade away,
In the lurid light of day,
“As out of the Everywhere you came
 Unto the Here.”
Like the soul’s truth came faint gleams
Of your half-forgotten dreams,
When how strangely, like some fancied hope’s
 Fulfillment they appear.

ON MY MOTHER’S GRAVE

By the lone shade of the whispering pine tree,
 In the deep silence and darkness of night,
Under the daisies, unknown and unnoticed,
 Lies the lost love of my childish delight.

“Mother,” a word that has been but a memory
 Since the dear loss of that innocent year,—
Smiling and tender, youthful and beautiful,
 Loving and beautiful, she who lies here.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

Touched by the sun and the winds of the heavens,
Wrapped in the rain and the snows of the year,
O little grey mound that the grass has closed tenderly,
Love unto dust has turned solemnly here.

All that was true to me,
All that was sweet to me,
All that was kind to me
Lies buried here.

IN MEMORIAM

LIKE ships that pass into the night,
 Around the bay beyond the bend,
Forever passing from our sight,
 By moonlight gleam to journey's end,—
 So passeth on the dearest friend,
Gone from the world forever.

When sounds of music gently die,
 As strains become more soft and low;
The list'ning heart withholds a sigh,
 As scarcely moves the vibrant bow:
 So sad it is a friend must go,
The dear voice silent ever.

SONGS ALONG THE WAY

AT NIGHT

Oh, why should golden suns go down,
When fairest grow their splendor;
Oh, why should twilight grow to dusk,
As light of day grows tender?

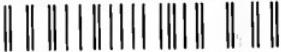
When sun is out, and clouds are white,
How brave the sky above us!
So fair — it seems unkind at night,
To turn to friends that love us.

JUL 31 1911

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